THE SECRET OF THE ROSTOLKINS.

BY MARY E. ROPES,

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"Now, Aunt Jemima dear, do be reasonable."

CHAPTER I.

"I MUST EARN MY LIVING."

"PREPOSTEROUS!" cried my aunt.

"Now, Aunt Jemima dear, do be reasonable," said I. "Let me just read over this advertisement to you again. 'Wanted, a nursery governess, to accompany a lady to the interior of Russia, taking charge of a little boy of four. Liberal salary and a comfortable home to a suitable person. Apply in person to Madame Rostolkin, Langham Hotel.' Now, that seems to me very promising, auntie; and I would far rather go abroad than stay in England."

"But a nursery governess! Why, Katie, it's only another name for a servant. Can't you take a finishing governess' situation?"

"No," I replied; "I am not accomplished enough. I assure you, Aunt Jemima, I have thought everything over,

and can see no way of earning my living but by taking some such place as this. You see, thanks to my guardian having speculated with my money and lost it, I am penniless. Then, too, my education has been imperfect. I have a smattering of a number of things, but I know nothing thoroughly. Therefore, since I must support myself somehow, I would rather undertake duties which I can conscientiously fulfil. I love children, and I do know enough to teach and train a child, but no more."

"But a nursery governess!" cried my aunt, still harping upon the detested term; "it is so degrading."

"Degrading!" I echoed, indignantly. "No, there I don't agree with you. It seems to me, auntie, that no honest employment can be degrading; and to work for children—to strive earnestly for their welfare and happiness—is surely an ennobling thing, and one which must bring a rich reward."

My aunt looked a trifle scared at my enthusiasm and warmth, but she recovered herself sufficiently to say—

"To think that I should have lived to see my brother's only daughter going out into the world to earn her living! Katherine Sinclair a nursery governess!"

"And better and cleverer women than Katherine Sinclair have done the very same thing. Thanks, auntie, for your kind interest in me, but this sort of pride in our name and former position I do not share."

At this Aunt Jemima snorted and sniffed, and held her head very high, as though to indicate that upon her alone now devolved the responsibility of maintaining the family honour. So I said no more, feeling that it was useless to argue the point with her, for, with many good qualities, Miss Jemima Sinclair had always been remarkable for a certain characteristic which she called *necessary firmness*, but of which others spoke as *unnecessary obstinacy*. Happily, however, she had no authority to decide for me in this matter, nor could she, with her own extremely limited means, offer me a permanent home, so I felt I was only doing my duty in judging for myself and choosing what appeared to me the wisest course, on the whole, under existing circumstances. Accordingly, when, as usual, after her early dinner, she settled down cosily in her capacious armchair for a couple of hours' sleep, I put on my jacket and hat, and setting off at a good pace, soon found myself at the hotel, asking for Madame Rostolkin.

I was ushered into a spacious apartment on the drawing-room floor, where was seated one of the sweetest-looking ladies I ever saw. She was about fifty years of age, with a handsome, but pale, sad face, framed in thick coils of grey hair, and a widow's cap. She had large dark eyes, with purple shadows under them, which gave a strange pathetic wistfulness to their expression. Tall and graceful in figure, her deep mourning became her well, and when she rose and advanced a step towards me, her manner at once dignified and gentle, self-possessed and lady-like, I could not help hoping, in the first blush of my girlish admiration, that it might be my good fortune to become a member of her household.

"I have called in answer to your advertisement, madam," I said. "You require a nursery governess, I think."

"Yes, I do," replied the lady; and even in these few words her accent and intonation showed me that she was no foreigner. "Were you thinking of offering yourself for the situation?"

"I was," I replied, timidly.

Perhaps Madame Rostolkin noticed my embarrassment, for she smiled as though to reassure me, and said—

"You have never been out before, have you?"

"Never," I answered. "It is only now that I find I must earn my living."

The lady looked at me, a new interest and awakened sympathy dawning in her lovely eyes; then she said, in a gentle, motherly tone, which brought tears to my eyes—

"Poor child! Then you, too, have known sorrow!"

Then, after a little conversation, in which I was able satisfactorily to answer her questions, she said—

"Have you any papers that would serve as testimonials, or any letters of recommendation that you could show me, Miss Sinclair?"

I started and flushed hotly. In my ignorance, my inexperience, I had never once thought of such a thing.

"Ah!" remarked Madame Rostolkin, "it did not occur to you that you would need them? But never mind, my dear, send me a letter or two by post, or give me the name and address of some one who knows you, and of whom, for form's sake, I may inquire about you. And if—as I have little doubt—my favourable impressions of you are confirmed by what I hear, I will gladly engage you to accompany me to Russia."

I thanked her and took my leave, greatly impressed with the lady's kindness, and hoping earnestly to secure so desirable a situation.

I had no difficulty in obtaining from one or two well-known people such testimonials as I required, and forwarding them the next day to Madame Rostolkin, I received by return of post a note saying that I might consider myself engaged, and requesting me to be ready to accompany her and her little grandson on the 20th of July, which would be in a week's time.

It seemed rather odd, just when I was on the eve of commencing life as a lowly nursery governess, that I should be invited out to a party at the house of one of my friends—one of the few whom my altered fortunes had not alienated. I felt that this sort of gaiety was inconsistent with the station in life which I was about to occupy, and I said as much to Alice Benson, my friend. But she would not accept this as an excuse, and insisted upon it that I must be her guest once more before burying myself in what she called "the wilds of barbarism," if only to bid farewell to the young people whom we both knew.

So, on the appointed evening I went. The party was a large one, and besides many people whom I knew there were several strangers.

Among these my attention was arrested by a gentleman who might have been about thirty years of age, and who was peculiar from his foreign appearance and the remarkable expression of his eyes. Handsome eyes they were, dark as night, and fringed with long, heavy black lashes. But there was a restless, fitful flicker in them, and now and again a quick, furtive glance round through half-closed lids, which gave me an unpleasant feeling of something well expressed by the Scotch word *uncanny*.

"Alice, who is that foreign-looking gentleman?" I asked of my friend, who happened to be standing near me.

"That dark-eyed young man?" said she. "Oh, that is the nephew, by marriage, of a business acquaintance of papa's. His mother, who lives abroad—I believe, as he does also—has been in England some little time on a visit to her sister; but she is leaving very shortly, I hear, and her son will follow her soon."

"And the name—do you know their name, Alice?" I questioned further, for the young man's face had awakened my curiosity and interest, though not my admiration.

"The name, Katie? Oh, it is one of those Polish, or

Russian, or Hungarian names so hard to pronounce, and so uncouth-sounding when you do pronounce them, and so impossible to remember for three minutes together. Let me see. Oh, I think it begins with an R. R-o-s something, I think it was."

"Not Rostolkin, Alice?"

"Yes, that's it! How queer that you should know it! And how surprised you look, Katie!"

"And so will you, Alice, when I tell you that it is with a Madame Rostolkin that I am going to Russia as nursery governess to her little grandson."

"How very odd!" exclaimed Alice. "I heard papa say that this gentleman was a widower, but I did not know he had any children; however——" Here Alice was interrupted by a little commotion at the other end of the room. One of the guests had just broken the string of her pearl necklace, and a magnificent pearl and diamond pendant which was suspended from it had fallen on the floor, together with a number of unstrung pearl beads.

In a moment a dozen people were joining in a search for the scattered jewels, and, among others, young Mr. Rostolkin, who, in his eagerness to restore the ornament to its owner, actually went down on his hands and knees to look for it. He did not find it, however, but one of the other seekers did; the pearls were picked up one by one, and the pendant and broken necklace were laid in a small box and put aside on to a little round table in the corner of the room, where no further accident could well befall them.

When the time came for the visitors to say good-night, Mrs. Bradshaw—the lady to whom the necklace belonged—took the box from the table and put it into her pocket.

"If we find any more of your beads, Mrs. Bradshaw," said Mrs. Benson, as she bade her guest good-night, "I will send them to you to-morrow."

"Thank you," replied the lady, "but I think I must have got just about all. Everybody was so kind in searching for my lost property."

Five minutes more, and all the guests had gone excepting myself, and I stayed a little longer at Alice's request, for a chat with her, for we had been friends for years, and this was our first real parting.

We were still exchanging a few last words, when we were startled by a violent ring at the front door bell, and in another minute in rushed Mrs. Bradshaw in a great state of excitement.

"Only think!" she cried, breathlessly, "when I reached home and opened my box, I found only my broken string of pearls; the pendant was gone!"

"The pendant gone!" we exclaimed in horror; "how could that be?"

"Did it not, perhaps, come out of the box, with the shaking of the carriage?" suggested Alice. "If it was loose in your pocket you might have pulled it out accidentally with your handkerchief."

"That could not be," replied Mrs. Bradshaw, "for the box did not come open at all. It was tightly closed when I took it out, which was not until I emptied my pockets at my dressing-table, before exchanging my evening dress for a wrapper."

We all expressed our profound sympathy with Mrs. Bradshaw, but there was nothing to be done, and we could not but confess that the whole thing was a mystery, and a very unpleasant one too. The servants had been in and out of the room, handing refreshments and clearing away plates and glasses, but they had all been in Mrs. Benson's service for a long while, and were regarded as thoroughly honest and trustworthy, so that we could not suspect them of having stolen a bauble which probably they had not even seen, hidden away as the box was on the table in the dark corner.

Finding that she could throw no light whatever upon the poor lady's loss, Mrs. Benson could only express again her deep regret that such a thing should have occurred in her house, and Mrs. Bradshaw went sadly away again.

CHAPTER II.

THE LOST RING.

NOTHING of any moment happened between this evening and the day when I was to start for the Continent with Madame Rostolkin. Of course I was busy enough, for I had to manage my outfit economically, which meant making most of the things myself. But Aunt Jemima, whose bark was always worse than her bite, and who had withdrawn her opposition now that my fate was decided, helped me very much, both with fashioning my new garments, and with sundry contributions from her own wardrobe. So that when the appointed day and hour came I was ready, and met Madame Rostolkin and her little grandson at the station whence we were to start for Dover.

The young man whom I had met at the party also came to see his mother and little son safely off.

"I wish you were going with us, Ivan," said the lady, gazing sadly up in her son's half-averted face. "I cannot bear leaving you here. And besides," she added, in a lighter tone, "we need your escort."

"Soon I shall surely follow you, mother," he replied, in his foreign English. "I stay in London only a short while longer."

Then he handed us into the carriage, closed the door, and was about to take his leave, when his mother leaned from the carriage window and said something in Russian in an earnest, pleading tone. He replied in a few quick, hurried words in the same language; but while he did so, he stole a watchful, furtive glance towards the corner where I was sitting with little Vania on my lap. Then the whistle sounded, M. Rostolkin raised his hat and bowed, the child kissed his hand to his father, and our train moved out of the station.

I pass over the details of our long and wearisome journey. We remained at St. Petersburg (a grand and beautiful city) for a day or two to rest. Then we proceeded to Moscow, and after a couple of days there, we pushed on to the interior, the first part of this journey being accomplished by train, and the latter in a travelling carriage with post-horses. At last we arrived at our destination, a village called Kolougava, near which Madame Rostolkin had a large estate, left her by her late husband.

By the time we reached our journey's end, I had come to know some particulars about my kind mistress and her family; for she maintained towards me no unnecessary reserve, but treated me in every respect as a lady and an equal. She told me she was an Englishwoman, but of this I had felt sure when I first saw her at the hotel. Her husband, a Russian officer, had been dead about ten years. She had but one child living, the son whom I had seen, and whose name was Ivan. About him, however, the mother said as little as possible, telling me only that he had lost his young wife when little Vania was born, and therefore she had herself taken the child, and had brought him up from a baby. Fearing lest with all she had to attend to on the estate, the boy, on reaching home, after his sojourn in England, should be left too much to the care and under the influence of Russian servants, she had resolved to secure for

him an English nursery governess, and was glad (this she kindly added for my comfort) to have found Miss Kate Sinclair, who seemed to be just the person she was hoping to find, to assist her in the teaching and training of little Vania.

The more I saw of Madame Rostolkin, the better I liked her. Her character had a depth and a sweetness which are to be found in the matured Christian only. She spoke little of her own trials and sorrows, but I could plainly see that much as she had suffered in a past that had left its traces on her lovely face, she had present griefs far harder to bear than those on which Death and Time had already set their seal of peace. That these griefs of hers were in some way connected with her son I could not doubt, for she seemed to be always in a state of anxiety about him. Even after he reached Kolougava, as he did about a fortnight after us, Madame Rostolkin never seemed easy unless he were near her, or at least on the premises or about the estate. Once when there was to be a grand birthday fête given at a nobleman's mansion some miles away, and Ivan announced his intention of going, his mother entreated him to decline the invitation; and when at last, annoyed at her gentle persistency, he turned upon her impatiently, and said that she was wasting words, for that he had made up his mind to go, she told him that in that case she should accompany him. There was some remonstrance on his part, but she was firm, and when the evening came, mother and son drove off together.

I could not guess why Madame Rostolkin seemed apprehensive whenever Ivan was away for any time; but certain it was that while he was about the house and grounds, looking after repairs, seeing to the work on the farm, marking trees to be cut down in the forest-land, and superintending generally the management of the estate, the young man was at his best, for he was shrewd, capable, and industrious enough, and when he was thus at work his mother was happy.

But if he had occasion to go to any neighbouring town to do shopping, or to visit friends, then the look of pain and dread returned to her face, and the sad, far-away look to her eyes, as though she would fain throw about him, wherever he went, the defence of her yearning love, to keep him from some terrible danger visible to her alone.

Her room was next to mine, and sometimes at night I would hear her weeping as she prayed aloud to Him in whose ear alone she could tell her sorrows. And one night, when her son was far away on business and she had been more than usually depressed, I heard her cry out in a perfect agony of supplication, "O, compassionate Christ, who, in Thy sojourn upon earth didst cast out evil spirits from those who were brought to Thee; I bring my beloved to Thee, dear Lord, for that Thou still livest and lovest! Speak the word, that the devil may depart out of him; and, to me, Thine handmaid, O Jesus, give faith, faith in Thy power and Thy willingness to do this thing; and patience to wait for Thine own good time; to tarry for Thee, and not murmur. Grant this, O my Lord and Redeemer, for Thy great love and pity's sake!" And as the mother's fervent prayer arose from those sobbing lips, I joined my petitions to hers, saying, "Amen; Lord, heal, if it please Thee, this dear soul that is sore vexed!"

I had been about three months at Kolougava, when something happened that recalled forcibly to my memory the circumstances of the first occasion on which I had seen Ivan Rostolkin.

One afternoon Vania had been ailing and somewhat fretful, so, to amuse him, I got out my little box of trinkets, and he was very busy playing with them, when Madame Rostolkin sent a servant to ask me to go to her room, as she wished to speak with me. And as I was going, the nurse came in and fetched the child away to give him his supper and put him to bed.

I had no time to replace the trinkets in their box, but left them just as they were, scattered about the table. When I returned in about ten minutes, and commenced putting them away, I discovered that one of them—the only valuable jewel I possessed—was missing. It was a ring which had been my mother's; a broad, massive band of dull gold, set with three large lustrous stones, a ruby in the centre, a diamond on each side.

Thinking Vania might have dropped it, I hunted all over the floor in every corner for my lost treasure. But in vain; it was not to be found.

That evening Madame Rostolkin saw that I was troubled, and when she asked me what was the matter, I told her how mysteriously my ring had vanished. She heard me to the end of my little story, her face more and more overshadowed. At last she said, "I am more grieved than I can say, Miss Sinclair, that such a thing should have happened. But I shall not give up the hope of finding your ring for you."

The weeks passed, however, but the ring was not found, and at last she begged me to make a drawing of it, and this she sent to Moscow, with orders to make a ring as like as possible to the one I had lost. Of course the new jewel could never take the place of my dear dead mother's bequest, but still I valued it greatly as my kind employer's gift, and wore it on my finger, instead of locking it up in a box.

The early Russian winter was already upon us, when Ivan Rostolkin one day told his mother that he was going away on business for a few days; and as usual on such occasions, Madame Rostolkin was much distressed, more so than I could at all explain or account for. However, there was nothing to be done, for business must be attended to; so one frosty morning he started in a travelling sledge, his mother watching him from the doorstep, regardless of the bitter wind and the driving snow.

But during Ivan's absence something occurred which was destined to throw light upon the mystery which had baffled me thus far; something which fully accounted for Madame Rostolkin's anxiety and trouble, and for the peculiarities in her son's looks and behaviour.

"Miss Sinclair, will you kindly come to me in my boudoir when you are free?" said my employer to me one evening when Ivan had been absent about three days. "I have something to show and something to tell you. Yes, to tell you, though God only knows how hard it is for me to speak to any one on such a subject. But I must; I can hide it from you no longer. You will come presently, will you not?"

I looked up at her. Her beautiful eyes were swollen with crying, her expression was woebegone past all describing. I took her cold, trembling hand, and pressed it to my lips in token of my loving, loyal sympathy and devotion, and said, "Dear lady, yes; I will come at once." *(To be continued.)*

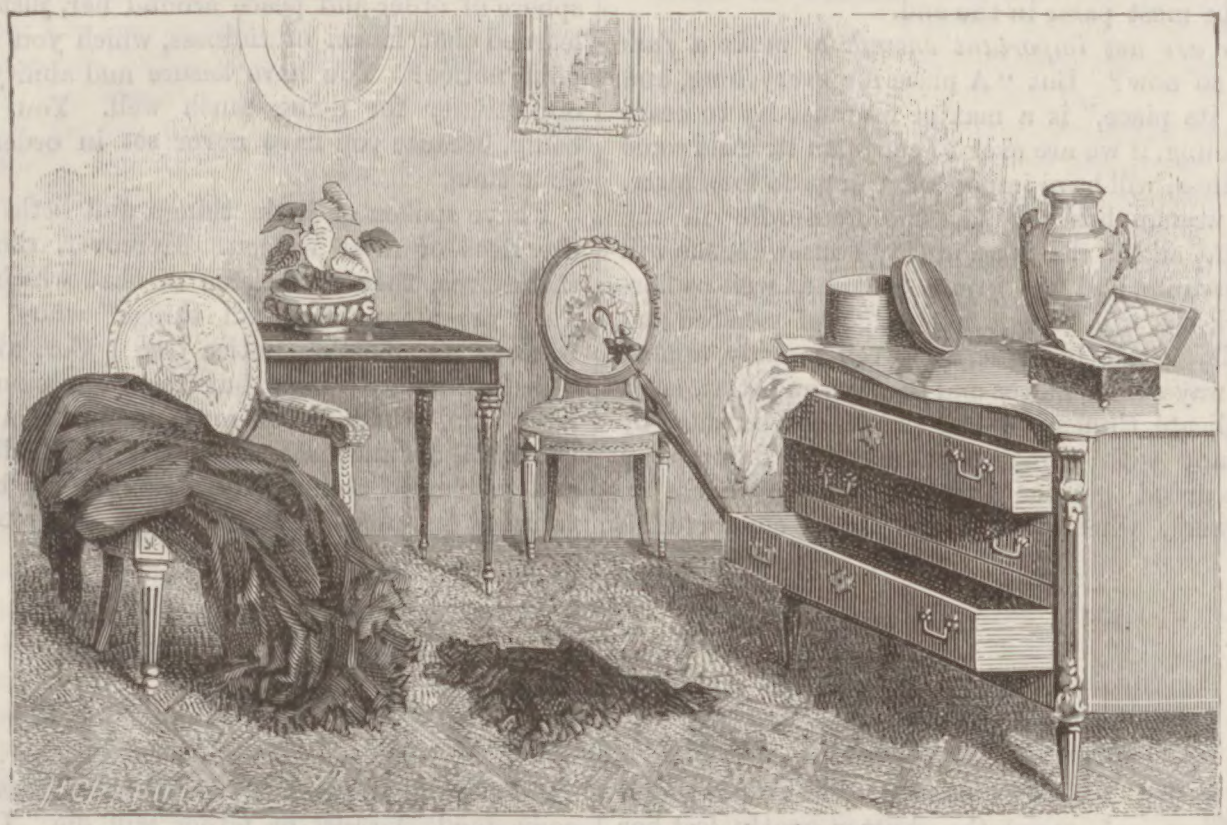
"IN ORDER."

A Homely Homily.

BY MARY L. G. PETRIE, B.A.

"Homily" suggests the pulpit rather than the magazine; the sermon in its weightiest form, rather than the chatty counsel for a vacant hour. But I here use "homily" in its literal sense of "conversation of a friendly and intimate kind," and I do not stand above you as a preacher of high aims that kindle your desires and yet discourage your resolves. I stand beside you, remembering my difficulties, that I may help you to overcome yours, and my encouragements, that I may help you to take heart. And I am going to point out to your ambition a very common-place ideal, if, indeed, it can be called an ideal at all.

Perhaps you will leave it to those companions of yours who are not brilliant, or gifted, or clever, and who, in despair of ever taking the world by storm, will leave unattempted half of what they might do well. My homily will not dishearten such, for the aim I set before you may be reached by all, even by those whose good opinion of themselves will never grieve their best friends nor hinder their own progress towards excellence. It is not above the "stupidest," but I hope it is likewise not below the "cleverest."



"My things always get mixed up."

Here, then, is my text—Be Tidy.

Ah! you know now that I am an "old maid," and a fidgety one to boot. Stay, discerning critic. My years could not entitle me for a long while to come to a place among those "single women of a certain age," without whose efforts in smoothing rough places and filling up gaps the work of womankind would never be rightly done by the busy girls and wives and mothers.

So now we understand each other, let us try to understand what we mean by being *tidy*. Look at the margin of the Revised Version of Romans xii. 11. "Lord" and "opportunity" are very different words in English, but here in the Greek they differ by one letter only, and may easily have been confused by those who copied St. Paul's epistle long after he wrote it, and told the Romans to be "time-servers" of the right kind. For the word rendered "opportunity" means that portion of time which is ours for a special purpose; that little bit cut off or divided from time as a whole, which is really all we have to use. It corresponds exactly, both in origin and meaning, to the English word "tide" in the older and wider sense still preserved in "eventide," etc. "Tide," then, means "season," and a tidy person is one who uses his opportunity, who knows that for every duty given us to do a time is also given for doing it. One duty never makes another duty impossible, though which of several conflicting *claims* is the *duty* may sometimes be hard to decide. But if we fail to do to-day's duty to-day, it may not be in our power to do it to-morrow.

You know that the student who does the week's work in the week all through the term comes out best in the examinations, not the student who crams furiously at the end. Now, doing what has to be done at the right time generally depends upon keeping what has to be kept in the right place. *Being tidy* includes both; or rather, if you are *tidy* your things will be *neat*.

Tradition tells of a man who called the Falls of Niagara "neat." He was not utterly wrong. "Neat" is from a Latin word that means "shining," and hence "pure" and "beautiful," and no disorderly thing was ever beautiful.

In early stages of civilisation, a man's loudest praises were uttered by himself, and the bravest men boasted unblushing of all they had done yesterday, and all they would do to-morrow. Fashion in this later age disapproves of such a direct method of putting our own price upon ourselves, though it leaves less direct methods open to us; for people have discovered the manifold convenience of a certain kind of self-disparagement. Take, for instance, this snug refuge of little apologies, and let us see what it is worth. "It is all very well. Some people are orderly by nature. But I was born untidy. If I began to be tidy now, it would take up too much time, and give me too much trouble. My things always get mixed up, and as they are neither many nor precious, it really cannot matter. Then it is only stupid people who have minds small enough to attend to such trifles. Clever, original people are always untidy."

"*Born untidy.*" Indeed! You were born toothless, and hairless, and speechless. Growth and education have altered you in many ways, and you have been glad of it.

"*Too much time.*" Well, if you have spent the last few

weeks making hay in all your drawers and boxes, you must spend some time in reducing them to order; not so much time, however, as you would otherwise spend, during the next few weeks, in searching for mislaid things wanted very badly, and put "somewhere," you know.

Making things tidy, is only a means to the end of *keeping* them tidy. Does that waste time? "How wonderfully orderly you are!" was said the other day to a friend of mine, whose life passes in useful and successful work for others. "I have no time to be anything else," was her reply, and in it there is a world of wisdom.

"*Too much trouble.*" An art student lately made some such excuse as that to one of the greatest painters of France, when he recommended her, as his pupil, to begin that bit of work all over again. He, knowing what true pursuit of art means, met the excuse thus, "Il faut l'aimer plus que cela." Nothing whatever is worth doing that is not worth trouble willingly given, and if we will not give it willingly, we shall find out the truth of the saying, that lazy people always have to take the most pains in the end.

"*My things are not important enough to make a fuss about.*" Is it so now? But "A place for everything, and everything in its place," is a maxim we must lay to heart when we are young, if we are ever to act upon it. And some day you, doubtless, will have important things to look after. Nearly every woman has to play the housewife in the course of her life, and if she is an untidy housewife, she will have untidy servants, and will injure others as well as herself. Her work-box will be one big tangle of worsted and cotton and silk. Stale biscuits, and even mouldy apples, will find their way among gloves and trinkets and stationery. Dainty and delicate things will get soiled and crushed by keeping company with things that are not dainty and delicate. Discarded garments will feast the moths in unopened drawers, when they might have comforted a rheumatic old woman, or helped an over-burdened mother.

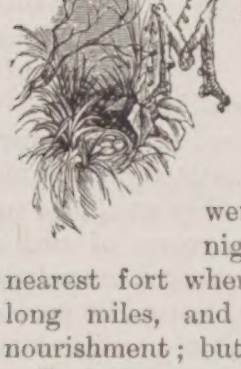
Unsorted pamphlets will gather dust year after year among useless lumber. Urgent, unanswered letters, upon which the welfare of others depended, will get mixed up with unanswered letters that need not have survived their answers, and be forgotten till the parties concerned are on the other side of the world. You will lose your forenoon searching for a much-wanted key, because you did not give it a settled home months ago, and your loss of time and patience will be reflected on your harassed face for the rest of the day. You will keep friends waiting in the hall, and a carriage waiting at the door, and a hostess in agitation between the alternatives of a dinner spoiled and a dinner announced to an incomplete party, while you are turning over every drawer and box in your bedroom for the gloves left by you on the drawing-room table a week ago, and "tidied away" by your sister into a cabinet.

Are you really so much cleverer than that neighbour of yours, who talks less about books, but who creates an atmosphere of order and peace around her, just because she has learned that lesson of tidiness, which you deemed beneath your notice? You have leisure and ability, and abundant opportunity for doing much well. You only do a little badly, because you have never set in order your goods or your time.

I have spoken of little things, and little things make up the lives of most women. Moreover, though trifling in themselves, they are tokens of that which is not trifling. They are among the "all things" whose order was not beneath an apostle's notice (see 1 Cor. xiv. 40). For the orderly outward life is but the expression of that orderly inner life, which is of more value than short-lived enthusiasm or unconsidered activity; that life which blesses and is blessed abundantly, because year by year it learns to think less of self, more of others, and most of God.

HESSIE'S TRUST.

(Concluded from page 159.)



RS. WILSON went to the window and unfastened the shutter gently, lest her husband should be disturbed. The moonlight was lying pale and cold over the earth. She could see the tracts of snow without as clearly as though it were day, and not ten o'clock on a winter's night. What was the distance to that nearest fort where provisions could be procured? Eight long miles, and she was feeble from want of proper nourishment; but her love was strong as death. She had walked there once in the summer time—their first summer, as this might too surely prove their last winter in Rupert's Land. She could, nay, she *would*, find her way thither, now—this very hour, God helping her. He would show her the way. She was not afraid.

Mrs. Wilson returned to Hessie and took her in her arms. "Listen to me, dearie," she said, firmly; "you are to try and not go to sleep! Do you understand? No, my brave little girl is to stay and take care of "poorly father" while mother is away."

"*Away*, mother?" The large, blue eyes were wide open in a moment; their drowsiness effectually dispelled by astonishment. "Where are you going?"

"I'm going to the Fort, a big house, Hessie, it is, to get us some food—I *must*, or father will die. I will be back as quick as ever I can; and you won't fall asleep, because he might want something, you know, child."

"Oh, mother!" with a gasp of fear, "*must* you? and leave us alone? Do you *think* the angels will be here to take care of me, mother? I shouldn't mind then." She clung tightly to her as she spoke. During all her short life Hessie had never before been left absolutely alone. She was unused to the sensation, and strange to say, the thought of her father's unconscious presence brought no comfort whatever with it. She was clasped to her mother's breast. "My child! My Hessie! It must be!" Mrs. Wilson breathed. "Yes, yes, the angels will be given charge over thee. Don't forget that. Never forget that God is with you."

"And with you, too, mother?" Hessie had no understanding, however dim, of what that solitary expedition to the Fort might mean. That *that*, as well as *this*, might end in death. But her mother knew very well.

"Over me?" she answered solemnly; "yes, surely, though He knows I don't deserve it."

"Then I'll try not to be frightened," came the brave little voice again; "I'll watch father, oh beautifully! Perhaps he will be well by the time you get back home, mother!"

Mrs. Wilson wrapped herself up as warmly as she could, and before starting bent a moment over her husband. His weak breaths hardly fanned her cheek; yet to her anxious gaze there seemed a shade more colour on his wasted features. She would not rouse him for a farewell, and went out carrying no weapon of defence save a thick walking-stick and a spirit whose dauntless heroism no dangers, real or imagined, would have power to quench.

Hessie was left with the unconscious invalid. She was an unusually sensible, practical child for her years, and being wide awake now she piled more wood on the fire (they had plenty of *that*, at any rate), and got out her favourite hymn-book. She could read nicely already; besides, the pictures always attracted her lively imagination.

"How still father is! I wish he would wake up and talk! Mother said she did so hope he would keep on sleeping. I won't make him more tired by waking him."

This valiant resolve only lasted half-an-hour, which felt like an eternity to Hessie. She was growing terribly sleepy herself. Child as she was, the charge which had been entrusted to her was heavier than she could bear in silence. She *must* just touch father once, Hessie decided, with a guilty sensation that almost amounted to wickedness.

"Father, dear, are you asleep? Quite fast asleep still? Do wake up for a minute!" called the unfaithful little watcher softly in his ear.

John Wilson looked up at once, to her glad surprise; there was some strange joy in that look which had been wanting for many a day.

"They shall hunger no more!" he murmured, with a radiant glance upwards. "Good bye, wee Hessie!"

What was this rush of fear that swept in a moment all over the child's being? She had not seen death: seldom even heard of it. "Going to God," her mother had termed it in happier days. The king of terrors had had no faintest realisation for Hessie during her short life, yet at that instant, all the same, she knew the truth, that she was *alone*.

Too dumb with fright to scream aloud, she knelt down, shivering and helpless, beside her dead father's chair. She buried her face in the folds of his coat, and in her first vague sick desolation, Hessie believed she must be dying too. Would you and I, reader, have been brave in a like situation? This trembling, forlorn being was but six years old. Her heart beat so loud and fast as almost to suffocate her; yet trust as well as praise may be perfected out of the mouths of babes and sucklings.

"Oh, God!" went up a gasping, stammering cry, half stifled with low sobs, "oh, dear God, *please* send me an angel till mother comes back! to take care of me! Please, please, for Jesus Christ's sake!"

There was a step outside the door an hour later; a familiar knock, if any one had been listening and heard it. Then, no answer sounding from within, the latch was lifted, and a man entered softly. That dress, half European, half Indian, that swarthy, kindly face and long black hair—Hessie, pulling her fingers out of her ears, and staring before her as one in a dream, recognised them in a moment. "Sigenock!" She sprang into his arms with a shriek of delight. "Oh, Sigenock! you've come, you've come! I asked God for an angel, but I forgot to say Amen, and p'raps that's why you're here instead. Oh, it doesn't matter! You'll do *just* as well. And I *have* been so frightened—at least, till I said my prayer, you know, for father won't speak, and won't open his eyes. He will now, I guess!"

Nothing was sadly or dreadfully possible any longer. All Hessie's apprehensions vanished like lightning in the presence of a companion. And the Indian, after one keen, penetrating glance at the motionless figure in the chimney corner, did not attempt to undeceive her.

The reason for his long-protracted absence was soon explained. The extraordinary severity of the winter season had brought illness and want into his own tribe; and as for his timely appearance so late at night, Sigenock accounted for it in these simple words, "Me hear a shout, loud, deep down in my soul, calling and calling that white man was in trouble, and no flesh to eat. The Redskins are starving themselves, but Sigenock will run all the way to the Fort, if little missie please."

"Oh, mother has gone there!" Hessie cried; "we've nothing left at all to eat. I *am* glad, Sigenock, you heard somebody call!" And then, utterly wearied out, the child fell into a deep, untroubled slumber, her head resting happily on Sigenock's breast.

Thus the pair were found by Mrs. Wilson on her return some hours later, footsore, and well-nigh spent with the labour and fatigue she had so willingly undergone, but warmed and fed, carrying as much food as her arms could hold, and accompanied by an English doctor. Alas! too late, too late!

"The Great Spirit, He knows best," the Indian said, gravely. "Mistress no weep so many tears. White man not hungry now."

HIS EXIT.

(*This poem, written by a girl of thirteen, describes a touching incident that occurred the last time that Henry Ward Beecher was in his church.*)

NEARLY empty the church, and the light was dim
But grand rose the tones of the evening hymn,
The great preacher harked to the organ's moan,
And his heart was stirred by the solemn tone.

Two little urchins, ragged and cold,
From the streets outside it, made so bold
As to enter the church and stand by the door
And listen to strains that heavenward soar.

Two paupers were they, but their hearts were stirred
By the joyous tones of the hymn they heard;
And they listened, forgetting their pain and woe
In joy at the music, so sweet and low.

The organ ceased, and turning to go
The preacher paused near the door below,
The children were scared, but he understood,
And smiled upon them so kind and good.

He kissed each one, and placed his arm
Around each child to shield from harm;
And with them thus he entered the street,
Out with them into the cold and sleet.

With the world and men so soon to sever
He left the church that night—for ever.
He left it, in doing that kindness small,
To receive his reward from the King of all.

BELLE A. MUNDY.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

BY MRS. SCHARLIEB, M.D., B.S.

II.—The Means of Physical Education.

Food—food is the first physical necessity. Without the regular supply of adequate material the incessant waste of every part of the body cannot be repaired, and this is very specially the case with children. In the young animal all the vital processes are more rapid than in the adult. Not only do they take proportionately more exercise than do adults, but their tissues are more frail, their molecules presumably more unstable than are those of adults. Their digestion and their waste are both much quicker; they require relatively more food, because they have not only to repair waste, but also to build up their bodies. They have not only to grow, but also to develop; and development makes great demands on the vital powers.

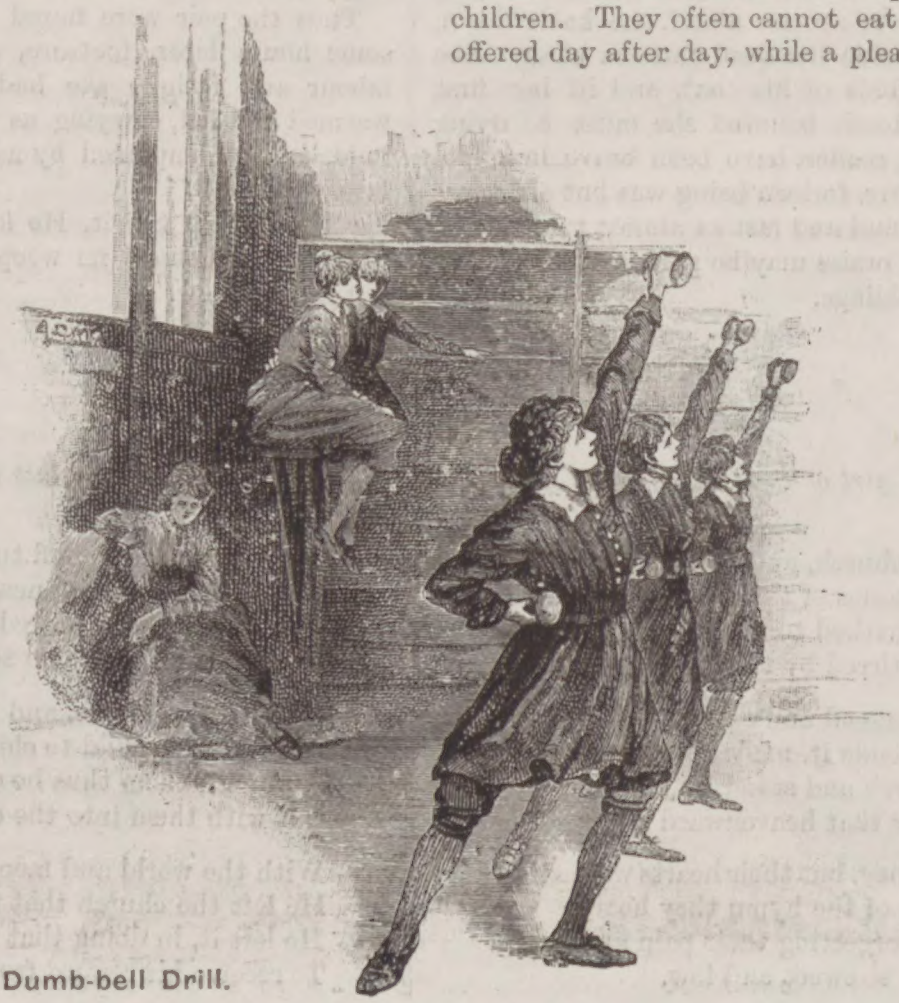
There is no doubt that at the present time the children of even the well-to-do suffer from underfeeding. They not only receive an inadequate supply, but also suffer from a want of variety in their food. Mothers often ask how much food they should give their infants. To that question the best answer is, let the child take as much as it desires; but let the food be suitable in quality, and let it be offered to the child at regular intervals. Infants are seldom overfed, for they will not suck unless they are hungry or thirsty; but mothers sometimes mistake the cry of thirst, weariness, or pain for that of hunger, and so offer the wrong consolation!

The natural food of the infant is its mother's milk, and no considerations of business or pleasure should be permitted to interfere with the thorough and regular discharge of this duty. When the mother's milk is not attainable, the want should be supplied by another woman, or the food most nearly approaching human milk should be provided. Cows' milk, properly diluted and sweetened, and asses' milk approach most nearly to the required conditions, and should, as a rule, be preferred to any artificial food. When infancy is past, and the appearance of the molar teeth show the advancing development of the digestive powers, the young child may be permitted to eat of all plain and wholesome food, and should not be refused the sugar and fruits for which he craves. In a healthy child, as in a healthy infant or adult, appetite is the safest guide, and if a child be allowed sufficient quantity and suitable variety of food there will be no habitual deficiency on the one hand, nor occasional surfeits on the other. The sugar which the child desires plays a valuable part in the process of nutrition, and aids greatly in supplying the natural heat. Starch, which is eaten largely in the form of bread, rice, potato, and other farinaceous food, is transformed into sugar in the body, and is subsequently stored up ready for use as the needs of the organism may require it. Children's diet generally contains sufficient starch, but is often deficient in sugar and in fat. Many children have a great repugnance to fat in the form of meat fat, but they are fond of cream, milk, and butter. These articles should be liberally provided, for not only are they the principal heat producers, but fat aids in the assimilation of nitrogenous (flesh-forming) food, and is also stored in the tissues, to be used when necessary.

Fresh fruit, stewed fruit, and preserved fruit are all too much neglected by us as a nation. They are not only palatable but most valuable articles of diet, containing sugar and salts of vegetable acids.

Meat well cooked and of good quality should be supplied. Children are not very eager for it, and will eat more of fruits and puddings, but a certain amount is necessary, and when the juice is carefully extracted from the fibrous portion, it is the most readily digestible of all foods. This is often exemplified in the case of sick infants, who can retain and digest veal tea and chicken broth, while they reject all preparations of milk. Animal food is more quickly and easily digested than vegetable, and entails less labour on the digestive organs.

If, then, we want our children and ourselves to be healthy in body and mind, if we want to do actually the best work of which we are potentially capable, we must enforce a diet sufficient in quantity, wholesome in quality, and sufficiently varied. We all know how capricious are invalids and children. They often cannot eat at all if the same food be offered day after day, while a pleasing variety induces them to eat the food which is so necessary to their nourishment.



Dumb-bell Drill.

Another means of physical education is proper clothing. The days are happily passing away when it was fashionable for little children to have their necks, arms, and legs exposed to all the uncertainties of our climate. Surely it was most unreasonable to expect for them an immunity from chills and their disastrous consequences under conditions to which no sane man or woman would submit. Great advance has been made, and high-necked garments with long sleeves are fashionable; so, too, are sensible stockings cloth-

ing the leg, to the great diminution of so-called growing pains, which were too often the manifestations of rheumatism, a disease which is comparatively painless in children, but entails the most serious consequences. Still, we have much to learn, and while our garments do not admit of absolute free play of thorax and limb, our dress cannot be considered hygienic. The girl's corset and the boy's belt are deleterious in their influence, compressing the abdominal viscera and leading to many physical troubles and deformities.

Another matter in which we have yet to obey "a counsel of perfection," is the choice of a material for our clothes. Why should we, or our children, be burdened with a multiplicity of cotton garments, when two or three of silk or woollen fabric would be lighter, more comfortable to the skin, and defend us better against variations of temperature? There is no need to devote our attention exclusively to "Dr. Jaeger's system," excellent as it is; any well-woven "natural wool" or spun silk material will suffice for underclothing, and the difficulty now-a-days is to choose from among the cheap and pretty materials so temptingly displayed to our view.

One word as to foot-gear. All children and nearly all adults are more comfortable, happier, and better tempered when their feet are warm, and this desirable result can be attained by wearing woollen or spun silk hose. Boots and shoes should be made for the wearer to suit the individualities of his feet, and where this is too expensive they should be selected broad, strong, but soft and yielding in every part except the sole.

Allied to this portion of our subject is the question of bed-coverings. Here, too, the desideratum is adequate warmth without undue weight, and without hindering the excretion which is constantly occurring from the skin. Cotton sheets are preferable to linen, and fine woollen are better still. Counterpanes should be considered as ornaments for the day only, and should be removed at night, soft, fleecy blankets in winter, and a light woollen shawl in summer, being put over the sheet.

Rest and exercise are most important factors in physical education. We have reason to believe that the perfection of structure of any organ is to be attained only through the exercise of its function, and that organs not called into play atrophy and tend to become obsolete. Thus we find that fishes living in the dark pools of deep caverns are blind; that an arm or leg is stiff and useless when it has been long confined in splints; and that people who are not accustomed to use their brains are unable to do so. Hence the necessity for using every member of the body, and not some members only.

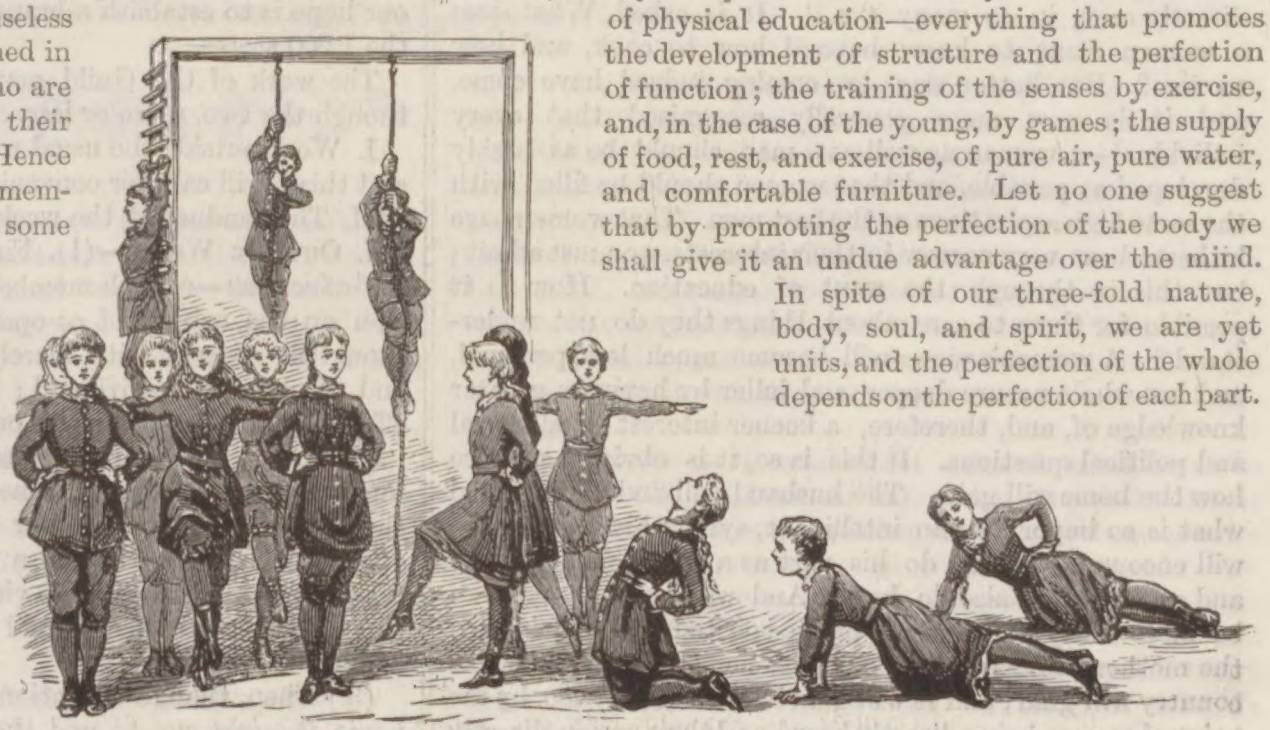
The dull, listless walk performed daily by most school-girls is utterly insufficient for the maintenance of their health; a few only of their muscles are called into play, and they are used in so slow and purposeless a fashion as to be little benefited. Boys in public schools do not go for formal walks. They play football, cricket, hare and hounds, racquets, and all manner of games which, while they call into exercise every muscle in the body, also train the eye and ear, and by their healthy excitement refresh and re-create the nervous system. The active exercise stimulates the action of heart and lungs, and the well-aerated blood is sent in full and forcible current to every portion of the frame. When will parents and schoolmistresses understand this little bit of practical physiology? When will they insist as strongly on proper exercise and good food as they do on a well-considered curriculum and efficient teachers? Of course there are practical difficulties in the way. Ladies having schools in or near large towns, in order to secure the services of the best teachers, tell us how nearly impossible it is to secure a house with sufficient garden to give the girls a real playground. Granted it is true; but then do they not make sacrifices and incur great expense to secure mental advantages? and can they not see—or rather, will they submit to be taught—that unless their pupils have healthy bodies, strong hearts, sound lungs, and vigorous digestions, their brains will not be able to profit to the fullest extent by all the other advantages? Many schools could command a sufficient space, and where that cannot be had two or three teachers might share the use of a field.

To the ordinary games and amusements it is well to add some well-considered system of exercises and gymnastics. These should, however, be conducted by some one possessing the requisite knowledge of anatomy and physiology, and should not be permitted to any pupil without competent medical examination.

Much that is good and valuable in this way is now introduced into High schools and Board schools, the element deficient being medical supervision. It is the private schools that are in fault, and the girls of the wealthier class are denied advantages that are enjoyed by the children in public schools. At the present time, there is only one school where, so far as I know, adequate exercises are carried out under medical supervision, and after competent examination.

Sufficient rest is too often neglected. Children should have at least ten hours' sleep—infants need even more—and hard-working adults should secure seven or eight hours' sleep in which to rest their weary brains.

I have thus endeavoured to point out some of the means of physical education, but much remains unnoticed. As a fact, nearly every circumstance may be made a means of physical education—everything that promotes the development of structure and the perfection of function; the training of the senses by exercise, and, in the case of the young, by games; the supply of food, rest, and exercise, of pure air, pure water, and comfortable furniture. Let no one suggest that by promoting the perfection of the body we shall give it an undue advantage over the mind. In spite of our three-fold nature, body, soul, and spirit, we are yet units, and the perfection of the whole depends on the perfection of each part.



Swedish exercise at a Board School—Some positions.

THE WOMEN'S CO-OPERATIVE GUILD.

BY MARGARET LLEWELYN DAVIES.

IN one of the former numbers of this magazine there was an article by Miss Sharland, giving an account of working-men's co-operative stores, and showing the advantages that would be gained by belonging to them. In this paper I want to point out the part that women specially can take, and are taking, in the Co-operative Movement.

The word "co-operation" means "a working together"; and co-operators are people who work together to improve the position of the labouring classes, by trying to secure a more equitable distribution of wealth, more equal opportunities for all, and a stronger feeling of human brotherhood. To obtain our object we require to be *educated* and *united*. Education is necessary in order to learn the best method by which to progress, and association is necessary in order to carry our plans into action. Co-operators have a definite line of action on which they proceed, namely, that bodies of working-men and women should join their small capitals together, act as their own employers, and share amongst themselves the fruits of their labour. In the co-operative stores (which constitute the *distributive* side of co-operation), numbering about 1,200 in Great Britain, the working people are their own shopkeepers, and divide the profits, to the amount of £3,000,000 annually, amongst themselves. It is in connection with these stores that the work of women chiefly lies. At present we feel it desirable that there should be a separate organisation for women in co-operation, as in many other movements, because women's education has hitherto been so neglected, and because men are not always ready to admit women to their counsels, not having fully realised the gain there would be in the joint action of men and women.

Before speaking of the work of this organisation—the Women's Co-operative Guild—I should like to say one word on the *need* for, and advantages that would result from, more education and association among women.

(1.) As a rule, a woman's education has always been thought of much less importance than a man's. Perhaps this is partly because the effect of it cannot always be directly seen, in so many £ s. d. It is asked, What does a woman want to know beyond how to cook, and how to sew? But better days are coming, indeed have come, and it is now more generally recognised that every individual—a woman as well as a man, should be as highly developed as possible, and that women should be filled with the same high aspirations as the best men. That women have hitherto been very narrow in their interests, we must admit; but this is through the want of education. How is it possible for them to care about things they do not understand? A woman's views will become much less personal, and her whole nature deeper and fuller by having a greater knowledge of, and, therefore, a keener interest in, all social and political questions. If this is so, it is obvious at once how the home will gain. The husband will find a ready, and what is so important, an intelligent, sympathiser—one who will encourage him to do his part as a responsible citizen, and one who will also do hers. And will not the children be more likely to grow up public-spirited and patriotic if the mother possesses these qualities herself? So the whole country will gain; and it will gain in another way too, by the voice of women being directly heard and their action directly felt in all the great questions that concern women just as much as men.

(2.) Next, the need of association among women. The condition of the women belonging to the working-class is one of the saddest facts of the present day, and the attempts to improve it most difficult and disheartening. The old story of the bundle of faggots—of the father on his death-bed showing his sons how easily each stick singly could be broken, but how impossible it was to break them when the sticks were bound together—is meant to teach the force of combination. So much has been done by men through their trades unions, that women should be encouraged to work on the same lines. An attempt, at present not very successful, is being made by the Women's Trades Union League in this direction. Unions have been started in various trades, but it is difficult to persuade the women to join. Let me give one instance of good resulting from women determining to act together. In Leicester the manager of a large weaving business suddenly gave notice that the women should no longer have a break in the work for luncheon, to which they had always been accustomed. This new rule was a direct contravention of the Factory Act, as by it the women were forced to work continuously for more than four-and-a-half hours. The women determined not to submit, and 1,400 of them agreed to come out on strike. They remained out for six weeks, during which time the people of Leicester subscribed £100 to support them, and in the end the women were completely victorious.

The strike of the match girls at Bryant and May's has resulted in the formation of a union numbering many hundreds, and it is hoped that the girls may in future find it a real protection. If only women could realise how very much could be done if they were strongly united, their unwillingness and incapacity, resulting from their long oppression, would rapidly be overcome.

Now the Co-operative Guild for Women aims at giving opportunities for education to women, and teaching them to combine; seeing in the first place that they have a knowledge of, and belief in, co-operation, and then providing the means to put that belief into practice. There are now between fifty and sixty branches of the Guild in England, and our hope is to establish a branch in connection with each of the 1,200 stores.

The work of the Guild may be divided into two parts, though the two, more or less, overlap one another:—

I. Work outside the usual weekly or fortnightly meetings, and this I will call, for convenience, "outside work."

II. The conduct of the weekly or fortnightly meetings.

I. OUTSIDE WORK.—(1). First of all there is the duty of *self-education*—of each member acquiring as much information on the subject of co-operation as posssible. No one should be content with merely buying things at the store and receiving the dividend; there should be an earnest effort to grasp the principles on which our movement rests.

(2.) Next, a woman will see that these principles are understood in her *home*. She will teach her children that they are "bound to live for others, and that the aim of existence is not to be more or less happy, but to make themselves and others more virtuous," and she will also tell them all they can understand of the society to which they belong.

(3.) Then, though education should, like charity, begin at home, it ought not to end there. Our object should be to

propagate our views as widely as possible, and induce others to share in and help forward the great cause. A woman occupies a special position in the co-operative world, as the spender of the money—and as such alone it is highly important she should be persuaded of the truth of co-operation. Women understand each other, and are often able to convince each other, where they fail. There are various ways of carrying out this propaganda work; privately—over the wash-tub or a cup of tea, by delivering papers from house to house, by giving small tea-parties, when a little discussion might precede the tasting of genuine co-operative tea and bread and butter, etc.

(4.) Besides these different sorts of work I have mentioned, there is much that the Guild can do in *directly helping the society* to which it is attached; for example, by giving suggestions, making judicious criticisms, serving on the educational committees (and we hope in time on the management committees), and in helping to arrange all teas, concerts, meetings, etc.

(5.) Again, the Guild should organise expeditions of its members to the Wholesale Society, to other stores and branches of the Guild, and arrange visits to picture-galleries, museums, etc., in the winter, and country excursions in the summer. We hope soon to have more communication between the different branches by means of a new organisation that we are proposing to branches to adopt.

(6.) Yet another function of the Guild is the care of the *children*. Some branches will see their way to having regular classes for children; others will only be able to provide occasional amusements. In the south there is a Co-operative Magic Lantern, which will go anywhere within reasonable distance, and exhibit co-operative fairy tales.

And now I come to the second part of Guild work, the way the weekly or fortnightly meetings should be conducted.

II. Meetings.—The meetings will probably take place in a room at the store, and it is a great thing to make it look as attractive as possible. I think people's surroundings have often more to do with their spirits than is always recognised. It is easier to be gay and happy in a pretty room than in an ugly one. In addition to the welcome that a cheerful room seems to extend to whoever enters it, the committee of the branch should make it their special duty actually to express that welcome, and have a personal knowledge of all the members. If this sort of friendliness prevails, it will seem as if the sun were always shining in that room.

The committee should always arrange beforehand a definite programme, so that there may not be any feeling of flatness and little opportunity for mere gossiping. As to what should take place at these meetings, this must, of course, vary according to the different circumstances of branches. It is not well to confine the proceedings to co-operation, though this can be presented in such various ways, through lectures, readings, classes, debates, games, songs, etc., that members do not get tired of it, but on the contrary the more they learn the more interested they become. But besides teaching co-operation, branches have classes in ambulance work, cooking, dressmaking, composition, etc., and lectures are given on health, women's trades unions, etc. Books also are read and discussed.

Thus you see how the Guild helps to educate women, and teach them, to work together. We hope to see it becoming a stronger and stronger force, and that it will always exert that force against falsehood, injustice, and oppression. I will most gladly give any further information, or send papers, to any who may like to write to me at Kirkby Lonsdale, Westmoreland. Let me urge all those who read this paper to learn if there is a co-operative store in their neighbourhood, and whether they would not do well to join it; also, if there is a branch of the Guild in connection with it. Our meetings aim at more than the ordinary Mothers' Meetings do. Not only can women find sympathy and help by coming to them, but opportunities are given for further education, and for taking part in a movement that has done so much, and will, we hope, do still more to help the working-classes all over Europe.

GARDENING FOR NOVEMBER.

Window Plants in Winter.

As the days become shorter and darker, all vegetation seems to pause, and our pet plants will need extra care and consideration, or there is a danger of their dropping out of existence before the spring arrives.

It is easy enough to have a fine show of flowers in winter where there are plenty of glass-houses to shelter them, and gardeners to attend to them; but those who cannot afford these luxuries may still have brilliant blossoms if they cultivate bulbs (see gardening for October), and have a few good window plants to mix with them and show them off to advantage.

Success in window gardening depends much, in the first place, on an intelligent selection of plants suited to the window, with its special aspect, size, situation, and temperature. A south window, in an ordinary dwelling-room will suit most window plants; ferns, palms, and myrtles will live even in a north window, while south-east and south-west windows are nearly as good as those that have a south aspect, and many plants will grow and blossom if they have the morning sun from an east window. Geraniums, fuchsias, begonias, arums (calla), primulas, cyclamen, crassula, cacti, as well as myrtles, palms, and ferns, will all flourish in a sunny window, and of these the primulas, cyclamen, and winter-flowering begonias, should now be coming into blossom.

Plants which are in a dormant state, especially those of the cactus tribe, must now be kept as dry as possible, and it should be remembered that damp and mildew are greater enemies to plant-life at this season than even the cold.

Every scrap of fading leaf or stem, on which mildew can pitch, should be at once removed from the plants and burned, for all such débris is likely to become mouldy, and the fungoid growth, which we call "mildew," is a highly infectious disease amongst plants.

Fresh air and sunshine must be given to the window plants as often as possible, when the weather is not frosty, and, if mildew should attack them, a little flour of sulphur blown through a quill on to the infected part is a good remedy.

When water is given, the whole earth in the pot should be soaked, but this will not often be needed by plants without fresh growth at this time of year. The common practice of bestowing only a few teaspoonfuls of water at a time to a pot-flower is most injurious, for many of the roots will then die for lack of nourishment. The best rule is to give water only when the surface of the soil is dry, and then to allow the water to run through the pot, but not to stand in the saucer below, unless the plant be in blossom, when it can scarcely have too much water, and must not be allowed to flag.

All plants in pots, except the cactus, require repotting at least once in the year, and this is best done in the spring (*i.e.*, about the end of February), for geraniums, fuchsias, etc. Arums should be repotted in September, or October at latest, and supplied all the year round with saucers of water, as they are almost aquatic plants. If they have been well treated during the summer, and supplied with a little clear manure-water twice a week, they will be found to have filled their pots with vigorous roots, and each plant can be divided in half before repotting, when they will soon begin to throw out their graceful blossoms.

Potting soil should consist of a mixture of good garden or turf loam, sifted, with half the quantity of old well-rotted stable manure or leaf mould, and enough coarse sand to make the mixture light. This compost will suit most plants, but palms, ferns, and azaleas require peat and silver sand.

All plants must be well drained; broken crocks, burnt wood (charcoal), and small cinders form good drainage, but the fertilising moss sold by Messrs. Wood (Wood Green, N.) is even better, when placed over the crocks at the bottom of the pot, as it not only drains well, but induces the plant to throw out healthy vigorous roots by supplying nourishment to them. Ferns, bulbs, and many other plants, can be grown in this moss without pots, and make charming objects of beauty. It is clean to handle, and obviates the difficulty to an amateur of obtaining good potting soils, so that it is well worth the shilling which a bag of this fertilising moss costs, being sent by parcel post, with full cultural directions for use. Top-dressing (*i.e.*, removing the old soil with a pointed stick so far as possible without disturbing the roots, and filling up with rich fresh soil) will be found very useful to many window plants, when it is inconvenient to provide them with larger pots. Moss on the surface, or soil which has become sour from liquid manure, must never be allowed. Top-dressing is, in this case, immediately necessary.

Liquid manure for window plants, should not have any unpleasant or unhealthy smell. Soapy water (without soda) or soot-water will be usually enough, and should only be supplied to plants in full growth. Soot-water is easily made, by collecting soot in a canvas bag from the chimney, or kitchen flue, and soaking the bag, securely tied up, in cold, soft water. The water only is used which surrounds the bag, and this being full of strong manurial properties, must be much diluted before giving it to the plants.

In frosty weather all plants should be placed at a distance from the window, and, if the frost be very severe, the fire should be banked up at night, or a lamp left burning. A newspaper, let down between the glass and the plants, will save them from slight frost; and, if a fire is out of the question, they may be ranged between two towel-horses, and covered up with a thick woollen shawl or blanket at night, which should not touch their leaves, but will have the effect of excluding the extreme cold.

I. L. RICHMOND.

MARGARET FULLER.

BY ALICE EACHUS.

HAT the "old order changeth and giveth place to new" is perhaps in no case more strikingly exemplified than in the present position of women in the English-speaking world. Old prejudices are dying out; old disabilities are being removed; one by one the barriers which hedged up woman's way to growth and progress, have been loosened, pushed forward, or broken down.

In these days of our high hopes and much achievement, a sketch of the interesting but sadly short career of Margaret Fuller, one of the leading spirits of her age and country, may not be out of place.

In the New England village of Cambridgeport, near Boston, on the 23rd of May, 1810, Sarah Margaret Fuller first saw the light. We can imagine with what delight her father, a lawyer of some eminence, marked, as time went on, her budding intellect, and devoted the spare hours of his busy life to the task of training and developing it. Unfortunately he used the forcing process with no sparing hand, and the child so precocious, whose powers should have been allowed to lie dormant for a time instead of being urged into unnatural activity, was subjected to a mental strain and discipline of which we read with dismay. No wonder that it bore fruit, as Margaret herself says, in a "morbid temperament" and a "wasted constitution."

Early initiated into the world of classic literature, and familiar with the works of modern and mediæval writers, striking indeed must have been the contrast between her stern Puritan surroundings and the universe of imagination in which she truly lived.

To use her own words: "The puny child sought everywhere for the Roman or Shakespeare figures, and she was met by the shrewd, honest eye, the homely decency, or the smartness of a New England village on Sunday. There was beauty, but I could not see it then; it was not of the kind I longed for."

A graceful, talented English lady, who chanced for awhile to illumine the Cambridgeport horizon, became the object of the most intense child-worship on the part of Margaret, who speaks of her as the "first angel" of her life.

This healing gracious influence was soon withdrawn, and

the young girl fell into the depths of most unchildlike sorrow and despair. Thinking her life too isolated, and that intercourse with other girls would be beneficial to her, her father sent her to the Misses Prescott's school in Groton, Massachusetts. Her school experience was at first a trying one, her lonely and studious life having unfitted her for the society of girls of her own age. A friendship formed with one of the teachers, who learned to understand and appreciate the solitary girl, had, however, a marked influence for good on her future life.

In the years of her girlhood self-culture was with her a passion — the aim to which all her energies were directed. But her strong religious principles, and her fervent, generous nature, averted any danger of her life becoming a selfish one. Her talents were used for others, and her whole career was one of self-sacrifice and devotion.

Dr. Hedge, who met her first as a girl of thirteen, at her father's house at Cambridgeport, describes her as plain in features, but with an animated countenance, with vivacious eyes, and a peculiarly graceful carriage of the head and neck. Her conversation was already brilliant and full of sarcasm.

James Freeman Clarke, who made her acquaintance in 1829, became a life-long friend, and for several years he and Margaret met or corresponded daily. He speaks of her friendship to himself as a "gift of the gods, an influence like no other."

She seems to have exercised a powerful influence, a sort of magnetism, over certain minds with which her own came into contact. "It must be confessed," says one of her biographers, "that the magnetism which attracted some persons acted with an equally repellent influence on others. A certain haughtiness and superciliousness of manner caused much misunderstanding of her character and motives." However that may be, she gathered round her a circle of devoted friends and admirers.

Speaking of her friendships, Emerson compares them to the wearing of a necklace of social brilliants of the first water, and speaks of "all the art, the thought, and the nobleness in New England," as seeming "related to her and she to it."

"Margaret and her dear ones perished together."

In 1833 Mr. Fuller left Cambridgeport for Groton, purposing in the seclusion of country life to devote himself to literary work and to the education of his younger children. Margaret went there with regret, but her books, her never-failing companions, cheered many a lonely hour. Her time was also much occupied with needlework, and with the tuition of her sister and brothers.

The unexpected death of her father, in 1835, plunged the family into great sorrow and perplexity. Margaret gave up the cherished project of a visit to Europe with friends—a project which had seemed on the point of being carried out. This was a sacrifice which can be appreciated only when we realise that to her it was the giving up of passionate and life-long aspirations. She herself regarded it in the light of simple duty. The sequel proved a happy one. Her sister and brothers had the advantage of a good education, and Margaret ere long found a sphere in which to exercise her powers more fully.

In 1836 she entered Mr. Alcott's school at Boston, where she took classes in French, Latin, Italian, and German. Her labours were incessant and her strength greatly overtaxed. Notwithstanding this, we hear of her devoting one evening in the week to Dr. Channing, to whom she gave *viva voce* translations of different German authors.

Margaret next occupied for two years an important post in Greene Street School, Providence, Rhode Island, where her success was great, and where she won general esteem and admiration.

In 1839 were commenced at Boston, the famous "Conversation Classes," which required no little courage on her part and on the part of the elect women—women who gathered round her—to inaugurate. She gives as their object, "to pass in review the departments of thought and knowledge, and endeavour to place them in due relation to one another in our mind; to systematise thought and give a precision and clearness in which our sex are so deficient, chiefly, I think, because they have so few inducements to test and classify what they receive." She hoped, too, to be able to throw some light on the important questions, "What are we born to do; and how shall we do it?"

These Conversation Classes, which were continued for six winters, embraced a wide range of subjects, such as mythology, ethics, and education, under which general heads many important topics were discussed.

One of the writers of her time thus speaks of Margaret: "I cannot believe in any species of vanity living in her presence. She distances all who talk with her." Again: "She proceeds in her search after the unity of things, the Divine harmony, not by exclusion, as Emerson does, but by comprehension, and so no poorest, saddest spirit but she will lead to hope and faith."

Margaret's New England life came to an end in 1844. Her family no longer requiring her aid, she accepted the liberal offer of Messrs. Greeley and McElrath, of a permanent position on the staff of the *New York Tribune*. She became an inmate of Mr. Greeley's house, and he thus writes of her as the result of intimate acquaintance: "I learned to know her as a most fearless and unselfish champion of truth and human good at all hazards, ready to be their standard-bearer through danger and obloquy, and, if need be, their martyr." Her literary work for the *Tribune* he describes as "terse, vigorous, and practical." The essay which had first drawn his attention to Margaret, "Man *versus* Men, Woman *versus* Women," now appeared in book form, entitled "Woman in the Nineteenth Century." This is probably the most widely known of her writings, and will well repay a thoughtful perusal. In it is exhaustively handled the vexed question of to-day—the question of the political and social position of woman. Margaret thinks that "every arbitrary barrier should be thrown down, every path laid open to woman as freely as to man." She has no fear lest woman should abuse this liberty, but believes that if "principles could be established, particulars would adjust themselves aright." In her view man and woman are "the two halves of one thought," and "the development of the one cannot be effected without that of the other."

After long waiting came at length the fulfilment of her heart's desire—a visit to Europe! In August, 1846, she crossed the Atlantic in the Cunard steamer *Cambria*, and reached Liverpool in safety after a prosperous voyage.

A stay was first made in the lake country and in Scotland, and there is interesting mention of visits to Wordsworth, Miss Martineau, De Quincey, and others. Later, in London, Margaret became acquainted with most of the literary and social celebrities of the day. To her, through Emerson, the doors of the exclusive Carlyle mansion were opened, and her impressions of the great man are given at length in her letters.

Carlyle thus records his opinion of Margaret: "Margaret is an excellent soul: in real regard with both of us here. Since she went, I have been reading some of her papers in a new book we have got: greatly superior to all I have seen before; in fact, the undeniable utterances (now first undeniable to me) of a truly heroic mind; altogether unique, so far as I know, among the writing women of this generation, rare enough, too, God knows, among the writing men."

From London Margaret went to Paris, now brilliant with literary and artistic genius. Here she made many pleasant acquaintances, and was fortunate in seeing many notabilities. Especially interesting is her account of a few hours spent in the company of George Sands, then in the zenith of her fame and power.

Then followed a period of travelling and sight-seeing in Italy—a visit to the Italian lakes and a tour in Switzerland, which latter is spoken of as "a little romance by itself."

The winter of 1847-48 was spent in Rome, where Margaret became the wife of Count Ossoli, a young Italian nobleman, whose acquaintance she had made accidentally during a previous visit, and whose hand she had then refused. The marriage was one of affection, but there was little of the quiet happiness of domestic life in store for Margaret. These were stirring times in Italy—times of ardent hopes, of cruel repressions, of patriotic struggles. Margaret was heart and soul in sympathy with the reformers, and in intimate connection with them.

The summer of 1848 was passed among the mountains; and in the quiet, picturesque little town of Rieti, her son Angelo was born. Circumstances necessitated frequent separation from this much-loved child, a separation which caused Margaret great grief and anxiety.

Margaret was in Rome during the siege of 1849, nursing the wounded with tender care and devotion. She had been appointed superintendent of one of the military hospitals, and was in constant fear of seeing her husband, who was a member of the Civic Guard, and occupied a dangerous post on the walls of the Vatican, brought in amongst the number of wounded and dying. On the last night of the siege, Ossoli being in command of a battery directly exposed to French fire, Margaret could endure it no longer, and passed the weary hours at his side, determining to share his fate, whatever it might be. The threatened danger was averted, and the next morning, the gate being open, she hastened to her child at Rieti, finding him ill and forsaken, and arriving just in time to save his life.

A winter in Florence followed, and there, in such leisure hours as the care of little Angelo allowed, she worked hard at a history of recent events in Italy.

In the spring came longings for her old home, with its freedom and liberty. With certain undefinable misgivings, Margaret and her husband took their passage on board a merchant vessel, and sailed on the 19th of May for America.

Alas, for the sequel! After an anxious and trying voyage, the vessel was wrecked near Long Island, on the 19th of July, and Margaret and her dear ones perished in the cruel waters. It appears probable that the former might have been saved had she not resolutely refused to be parted from husband or child. Her dread of an earthly parting from them was pathetically expressed in a letter to her mother on the eve of her leaving Italy. This separation she was spared, and we trust that together they entered upon that better life on which their hopes were fixed.

Margaret's precious manuscripts were also lost, and so no record save that of letters tells the story of her eventful life in Italy.

Thus perished one of whom James Freeman Clarke writes, "She was the greatest soul I ever knew."

Margaret holds an honourable place among the prose-writers of her time, but her genius displayed itself pre-eminently in speech, and one misses in her pen the never-to-be-forgotten charm of her spoken words. Four volumes were published in 1875, under the titles, Vol. I., "Woman in the Nineteenth Century"; Vol. II., "Literature and the Drama"; Vol. III., "Abroad and at Home"; Vol. IV., "Without and Within"; the latter papers having been arranged by her brother, and containing interesting descriptions of the War of the Southern Rebellion.

America is proud of the name of Margaret Fuller, and women everywhere, should hold it in high honour, as the name of one who was a noble example of true womanhood, and whose words are still "an evangel of hope and inspiration to her sex."

WHAT SHALL WE EAT?

BY ELIZABETH MARTYN.

(*Concluded from page* 155.)

THE soup question settled, what next? What are we to put in place of the joint of other days? In the "Vegetist's Dietary," I find the following recipe for a pie. It may be made "of combinations of almost any vegetables in season." Cook the vegetables first, in very little water, in a covered pie-dish in an oven. They should be cut in pieces, and each sort added according to the time it takes to cook. They should not, however, be quite soft. Add a little sago or tapioca which has been soaked in water for several hours. Add also sweet herbs, or mushrooms, olives, or onions chopped fine. If onion be used, it must be boiled first separately. Cover with a plain crust, or with mashed potato, and bake in a moderately quick oven one hour.

2. Then there is a dish called "vegetable goose." Boil a good-sized vegetable marrow till tender, then plunge into cold water, peel, and take out the seeds. Make a stuffing of four ounces of bread-crumbs, four ounces of onions (scalded), and a dessertspoonful of sage. Mix with a beaten egg and a little milk. Put the stuffing inside the marrow, replacing the stopper. Dredge well with flour and bread-crumbs. Bake in a buttered tin till nicely browned. Serve with apple sauce.

And, talking of apples, do the readers of THE MOTHERS' COMPANION know that Australian and Tasmanian apples are this year in the market, ripe, juicy, and rosy-cheeked, fresh from the tree, and fit for eating raw or cooked?

3. *Plain Omelet.*—One pound of bread-crumbs, half a pound of onions, three ounces of parsley, a quarter of a pound of macaroni, two tablespoonfuls of tapioca, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, nearly an ounce of butter, and some pepper and salt. Cook the macaroni in plenty of water till tender, in a dish in the oven. Drain, and, when cool, cut into short lengths. Boil the tapioca in half a pint of water about ten minutes. Boil the onions till nearly done, then chop fine. Chop the parsley. Mix the baking-powder with the bread-crumbs, add the onions and parsley, stir in the tapioca, and season with pepper and salt. Lay the butter in small pieces at the bottom of a pie-dish, put in a layer of the mixture, then part of the macaroni, next another layer of the mixture—and so on. Bake for two hours in a moderate oven (or till nicely browned); turn over on a hot, flat dish, and serve with brown or onion sauce.

This omelet is nice when cold, but is to be eaten with hot vegetables.

The number of omelets described in these vegetarian papers is legion.

Of vegetables dressed in different ways, I will quote only one or two specimens, and it is difficult to know which to pick out when all are so delicious.

1. *Stewed Lettuce.*—Wash the lettuces, boil them in salt and water till tender, drain, and put them into cold water for half an hour, chop them fine and put them into a saucepan with a little butter, adding pepper, salt, and a little cream, and stir till it boils.

2. *Fried Cauliflower.*—Boil the cauliflower quickly for a few minutes, then boil gently till nearly tender; drain it well, cut in slices, dip them in batter, fry them a light brown colour, and serve with brown sauce.

Perhaps there is no form of vegetable relished on a hot day so much as salad. Children are nearly always glad to see the pretty red radishes and the crisp green lettuce. Some people like their salad plain, but most prefer it all chopped up or sliced in a large bowl and mixed with salad sauce. Hard-boiled eggs, cut in slices, look and taste well among the green of mustard and cress, sorrel, parsley, green onions, and lettuce.

Is there any need to discourse on puddings and tarts? I think not. Every housekeeper has her own stock of favourite recipes.

And so we come to tea-time, and also to the question, what shall we give them to drink?

One need not always keep to milk. Sometimes, as a treat, we can put a spoonful or two of black-currant jam into a big, brown tea-pot, pour boiling water upon it, and let the clear, crimson liquid fill the children's cups.

Or, better still, pour boiling water on oatmeal or barley-meal, and then add the jam. This drink can be taken either cold or hot. Of course you get more good from the oatmeal or barley if you gently simmer it for some hours instead of just pouring water on it.

If you want a cold drink, rhubarb-tea will be the very thing. Boil two pounds of rhubarb in a quart of water for ten minutes, strain it off, add the thin rind of a lemon and an ounce or two of white sugar.

The American plan seems to be a good one, especially for children, of making tea and supper into one meal. It ought to consist of more than mere bread-and-butter, and yet not be heavy, because of the bed-time which looms in the near distance. Wheat-meal bread, home-made cakes, eggs, fruit, honey, are all welcome to the evening meal. Or what do you say to boiled green peas? They are very nice indeed, eaten with bread-and-butter.

The following dishes may perhaps serve as specimens for the supper-tea.

1. Slice or chop up cold potatoes and put them into a saucepan with a little pepper, salt, milk, and butter. Set over the fire, and boil a few minutes. Serve in a hot dish.

2. Cut some bread in slices, about half an inch thick, and cut off the crust. Beat up one or two eggs. Pour enough milk over the slices to moisten them, and then dip each slice separately into the beaten egg, and put them carefully into the frying-pan, in which some butter has been already melted; sprinkle a little sugar over them, and fry them a light brown.

3. Half a pound of wheat-meal, half a pound of flour, two ounces of sugar, one egg, a saltspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of baking-soda, a quarter teaspoonful of cream of tartar, a little grated nutmeg, and three teacupfuls of buttermilk. Rub well together the flour, meal, soda, salt, and cream of tartar. Add the sugar, and beat all into a smooth batter with the egg and milk. Let the frying-pan be quite hot, put in a little butter and, when melted, about three-fourths of a teacupful of batter. Fry the pancakes until of a light brown colour on both sides. Put aside to cool, then pack closely together.

But here I stop. The crowd of recipes is bewildering, distracting. For my own part, I was astonished on first reading the papers and books of the Society to find that vegetarians lived so well. Cheaply I knew they did; healthfully, too, one always supposed; but comfortably, pleasantly, daintily—? Ah, well, you must try for yourselves. You will certainly find some new and wholesome dishes.

DRESS AND DRESSMAKING.

NOVEMBER, dark and drear though it be, is not invariably a very cold month, is in fact rather muggy, and on its fine days gives the opportunity of wearing a mantle neither so heavy nor thick as is required for the depth of winter, and which comes in again in the lengthening but not over warm days of spring. Even a fog is not always a cold one, and the necessity of having artificial lights at all sorts of unseasonable hours, combined with the fact that the vapour rushes in by open doors and windows, makes sitting rooms extremely warm, so that it is much healthier at such times to wear clothing that is light, rather than that which is heavy.

The mantle worn by the lady in our illustration is made of plush, and trimmed with lace, as laces for this purpose are just now very moderate in price, and very soft and elegant in make. Lace is the most economical trimming for anything of this kind, because it neither wears out quickly nor goes out of fashion, and can be used over and over again in various forms. Above the lace flouncing there is a trimming formed by laying a piece of ribbon or satin round the pointed sleeve and back of the mantle, and down the fronts, and carefully stitching over it a narrower black lace or insertion. The neckband or collar is formed in the same way, and the long front ends are finished off by ribbon bows to match the underlay. This is a mode of trimming that commends itself very much to the amateur dress and mantle maker. Plush is everlasting wear, and is largely made both in black and shades of brown. Black is seldom trimmed in this manner with anything but white, and looks very stylish indeed with the black lace (of which guipure is the best) laid on a white ground. Brown plush looks well when a tan or fawn shade is used for the bordering, and the easiest way of manipulating it is as follows:—Cut out every part of the pattern first of all in the plush, and then the same size in the domette, which should come next to it, and last of all, half an inch larger in the lining. This lining, economical people will often be able to make of the widths of an old silk skirt carefully washed or cleaned, and ironed smooth. Turn the plush face downwards, and tack the domette to each part separately, keeping the tacking at least an inch from every raw edge. Over this tack the lining, taking the stitches through all three thicknesses, and keeping them the same distance from the edges. Then stitch the necessary seams in back (if any), on the shoulders, and round the part that looks like sleeves in the plush alone, open each seam—but plush is better not pressed, and then lay the domette smoothly over it, first on one side and then on the other, and put in a few light stitches so as to unite it without making a seam, and lay the lining over lastly in the same manner, turning the upper edge under so as to allow of neatly hemming it down without taking the stitches through. Next trim all the raw edges with the scissors, tack close and run the underlay of ribbon or crossway satin on underneath, so as to turn it over on the plush. This at once finishes the greater part of the garment neatly, all but the untrimmed sides of the ends formed by the front. Along them the plush must be turned under, and the lining silk ditto, and hemmed down. Next sew on the guipure, fastening it down securely with small strong stitches just beyond the border. Now gather the wide lace which only goes along the back and sleeves, and sew in a ribbon string, or band of elastic at the waist line, and if possible, stitch a moderate-sized black passementerie ornament behind, with the top of it coming a little above the place where the ribbon is stitched underneath. The neckband should be lined with a piece of stiffening between the outside and the lining, and should be of the same colour as the rest of the underlay, and when firmly sewn on inside and out, the lace should be laid over. The front should fasten with hooks and eyes placed alternately, so that first a hook on the right catches into an eye on the left, and second a hook on the left catches into an eye on the right. A narrow strip of thin sarsenet ribbon laid under the hooks so as to hide the sewing on of both hooks and eyes, imparts quite a professional finish to the garment.

The little bonnet worn with the mantle is fashionable, but at the same time, cosy and comfortable in shape, and is intended to be of felt, trimmed with velvet and satin, and the dress shows a suitable way of making up serge, cashmere, or cloth. The little girl's hat is one of the fashionable felts trimmed with ribbon bows of a lighter colour, and the cloak is a striped brown and black cloth with velvet shoulder-piece forming a complete over dress, the warmth being regulated by the texture of the frock underneath, and possibly the addition of a woollen wrap put on before the cloak, so as to protect the lungs by affording additional warmth to the chest and back.

In these days, when so much is said about sanitary clothing, it is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to remind our readers that outside wraps must not supersede the woollen garments that should always be worn next the skin.

The pattern either of the mantle or of the child's cloak may be obtained by forwarding 1*s. in stamps to "M. L.," at the office of the "Mothers' Companion."*